

Sensual darkness -eternal bond-

by Chandra Migina

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Summary: Again something was hidden at Hogwarts. What could it be this time? Harry ever so curious went to investigate, only to get locked up with none other than Malfoy. But was it just coincidence? After all Draco's magic called for someone for one purpose: to quench his thirst for blood. bottom!Harry, vampire!Draco, mate, AU, OOC, one shot, COMPLETE

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****~eternal bond~****

****Plot:****

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><p>Author notes:

What me, writing a story about vampires? That's certainly unheard of. Oh well, who am I to deny it? So here's another piece from me " just for you.

And yes again it's about vampires. It's also very fluffy, so I hope you will like it.

Hmm.

It's going to be a Drarry story â€" although, I don't really like the sound of that word, but it certainly has meaning. So I'm just going to stuck to it ^^

What else can I tell you?

Oh right. This here is ****Slash aka Male x Male****. And we all know what sentence would follow, so I won't keep it from you. But if you are under 18teen, or don't like that stuff, please just leave.

On with my list.

I don't own Harry Potter. Maybe the twins, but certainly no Harry Potter, nope sadly not. But I heard rumors about a blond Slytherin prince claiming he did, or was it the famous J. K. Rowling to do so?

Continuing I want to tell you. This story will be AU and OOC.

Most likely it will be 8th year, but you will find out about yourself pretty soon. Just keep in mind that there are slight differences ^^

Because I still make many mistakes, I like to warn you. I don't speak English, so be amazed â€" or shocked â€" with my skills and everyone who can find mistakes earns a cookie from me.

And well, finally finishing it with my typical words. Whoever didn't take off yet, please enjoy the story *bowing and leaving*

* * *

><p>The call

It was a beautiful moonless night, when a black haired wizard walked through the empty corridors of his favorite home.

Darkness covered the sparely lit walls that only reflected the shine of the torches, illuminating the few steps in-between. With the magic of the castle they would only lit if someone was near their light, before turning everything into blackness again.

Smiling slightly the green eyed wizard rethought the first few hours of his arrival. It was a new year, and like always all the students had met in the Great Hall for their annual welcome feast. The room was loud, mixed with shattering plates, over the tables, students moving on their seats, or people talking across each other.

Again the sorting hat had sung one more of his mystical songs, where no one really ever knew for certain if they really predicted the future or not.

Quickly followed by the sound of the choir singing which were quite talented, although the golden boy still couldn't get used to the frogs used in it.

However, he was happy for his friends, especially Neville, who together with his toad Trevor did a lovely performance.

It was different this year, when Harry had glanced at the teacher's desk. Like ever year the headmaster " or better headmistress " had gotten up and approached them all, starting her welcoming speech.

Many things had changed, some remained the same, and others simple weren't yet adjusted. However, one of the biggest differences was definitely Professor McGonagall, who was now in charge of the school.

Even before the final battle at the summer of their seventh year Dumbledore had died. And not like forespoken by a heroic act, but simple because of a cursed ring.

It was a big shock for the light side, although they had gained one undeniable resource, who certainly helped them kip the war to their favor. Surprised about his own trait of thoughts Harry looked up, his eyes searching the three other tables of students that were between them.

It was interesting how the war had changed some aspects, while others stayed the same. One of them was certainly the flexibility of Slytherin, and their talent to survive " on the winner's side.

Clear and strong the directress' voice echoed over the noises of the great hall, "Welcome back to all of you. I am delightful to announce another year within these noble halls of wisdom and wizarding. I know that a time of change was set before us, and that it will still continue to unravel. Some of you might not be part of this change anymore, but for those who returned, I am positive this is a gift to make the best out of it. So to finish with Professor Dumbledore's favorite words, Mars - Snickers - Kit Kat - Bounty - Twix. May the feast begin!"

Smiling the raven haired boy remembered his first year back here, when the headmaster hadn't really said anything more different than today. Only the words she picked this time did make a little more sense to him than at his first Start-of-Term Feast.

At last he had managed to defeat the dark lord over the break, finally getting rid of the danger that haunted the wizarding world forever.

However, it would never have been possible, without the help of the others, for which Harry would always be extremely grateful. Unconsciously he lifted his head, when suddenly he felt someone's gaze on himself.

Like a feeling, almost a pull the bronze skinned boy looked up, before he even realized what he did. However, it was a lovely feeling, surprisingly warm, it was like silk, touching his minds, and wrapping around his thoughts, before it slipped away.

Irritated the chosen one looked around, but he couldn't find anything unusual.

Shaking his head, he quickly discarded the thought, studying everyone else around him. The four houses had remained, within their ever so traditional sitting plans. Watching interested the raven haired wizard set his eyes on one person across the room.

It was a real shock, when the pale looking blond on the other side of the Great Hall had denied his father. Instead they all witness the son of a well-known Death Eater not only to renounce the dark mark, but to also change sides.

Although Ron did quote he only did that to annoy his father. Harry wasn't too sure about his motive, but he sure would try to appreciate his decision.

He had helped them, more than just a little with his knowledge and his wits. And he had even fought in the final battle, only to be struck down by some nasty curses. The chosen one had only heard some rumors, and Malfoy himself remained quiet about it.

At least Draco seemed healthy again. It was strange, because the always annoying git was still getting under his skin. Maybe they had drawn a truth, but that didn't change personality or rewrote someone's character.

That was done through history, learning and the decisions you made. So although they did stop being archenemies, they couldn't throw away everything that had happened up until then. They could only just try to go on from there on, with all the strange feelings attached to it.

Feelings someone else was reflecting over too. Sensing eyes on him the sole Malfoy heir looked up.

After his father's imprisonment he was named the successor to the family business. Amusingly it didn't do him much good, his accounts were still frozen until the ministry would give their clear, and then there was this little annoying problem he still had to deal with.

Lifting his gaze over every student, his eyes landed on the golden boy. Trying to hide a sneer the Slytherin masked that he felt no difference against the great savor.

Watching Potter, he felt the shifting again, like a magnet it triggered his instincts. His nostrils flared, when he was hit with the different smells in the Great Hall, especially the mix of blood and magic drifting him crazy.

Letting his nerves go their own way the blond haired wizard concentrated on his own breathing, trying to control himself, when his flaring silver eyes blew back to their dull grey color.

Smirking slightly he looked around again. It was time for him to decide on a little refreshment. Not feeling hungry anymore the pale male pushed his plate away. He was getting frustrated with the same tasteless food, instead he wished for something different, preferable something crimson.

Risking a glance, he lifted his head. Studying all the teachers on

the podium none of them seemed to take special interest in him.

Wondering how many were even informed about his little condition, he could only be pleased about their silence. Although he knew his godfather certainly was one of the few people who were told the truth, he questioned if McGonagall had told anyone else.

However, both wouldn't stop him from going hunting tonight. And certainly not that old fool. Truth be told he might have accepted his proposal, and where had that lead him?

Right into this whole mess, so why not repaying the favor?

He had helped them in their final attack, only to be awaited. It was his father who had laughed, when they killed him. How ironic fate could sometimes be.

No matter how very accurate their planes may be, they should have learnt their lessons to never trust a Malfoy. Didn't he prove that when he renounced his father, only to save his own skin?

It was ironic how the same man who had taught him to never bow to anyone, only seemed shocked he wouldn't follow after a crazy half-blood.

Feeling his gum hurt, the grey eyed wizard got up quickly. He had to leave this annoying feast, and time his trap to be perfect. Lucky for him, no one really cared what he did.

At least he still remained a wizard, with the knowledge of magic cursing through his blood. Others than Muggles, who would be seen as simple vampires.

Although they all knew about him switching sides, most of the Slytherin hadn't cared. It was war, it had been a different year that for sure, and if you were taught in the house of snakes than it was how to survive, meaning you'd only care for yourself. So why bother, if nothing was there to win out of the situation.

He had overheard the golden trio earlier on the Hogwarts express. It gave him the idea for his little play, together with the help of the castle he was sure everything would turn out to his liking.

Licking over his lips, Draco allowed the tip of his fangs to be seen for a mere second. He wasn't stupid and he perfectly understood the risk if someone found out. However, the thrill was just as intoxicating.

_Far and wide you might have come, _

But count will take where you may go.

_What lies behind is history, _

And tomorrow is mystery.

_The night is dark, _

And spare the light.

Where you can't see,
If friend or foe you meet.
I tell you stories of long forgotten tales,
Where pride and proud might have failed.
Often right and wrong are the same,
In troublesome times and aims.
Love might unfold,
Where hate was sold.
So let time take its flow,
And trust may grow.
Now decide again,
But don't judge in vain.
For all is about to change,
On a new chance.

~oo000oo~

It was short after the feast was over, that the three friends parted.

Leaving together Harry soon said goodbye to Ron and Hermione, who went to meet with the new students. "I still don't get it, why McGonagall didn't make Harry the new prefect. I mean now there really is nothing he has to worry about?" Ron grumbled around, pushing his badge back into place.

"It's headmistress McGonagall, Ronald," his girlfriend already corrected him.

Smiling the boy who lived could only shake his head. It was clear that the ginger haired wizard only wanted an excuse to get to the dorm and drop dead into his bed.

"Oh but then no one would have the honor of catching Harry after curfew," Hermione insisted, joining her boyfriend ready to take on the full responsibility of her duties.

Laughing amused the youngest Weasley son couldn't find anything wrong with that, "You are right, 'Mione. Oh and Harry you should check out the tower in the west wing. You wouldn't believe it, but the Headmistress told us it's off limit â€" sounds familiar?"

Thinking back all three friends perfectly understood what Ron was hinting. Still remembering their first adventure so many years ago it did seem a little ironic to happen again in their last year.

Taking off Harry told his friends he would wait for them in the common room. Remembering how long it always took the prefects to get the eagerly first years to their dormitory, he considered taking a small stroll through the castle to rethink everything that had happened.

However, he never expected to find a familiar face. While walking by all of the different corridors, the golden boy didn't realize how his own feet lead him to the direction of the west tower.

Sure he was curious what McGonagall might be hiding, but it wasn't the same passion as before. On the contrary he was actually thinking about leaving again, when he heard the faint swoosh of the torches behind him.

Irritated Harry looked around, uncertain what to expect. He knew he was safe within Hogwarts " even against all odds, and yet someone should never be too careless.

Although the corridor was deserted, not even one of the ghosts or an over excited first year crossed his way.

"Looking for someone, Potter? Or are you just returning to your old hobbies by following me around the castle?" alerted the raven haired man turned back, facing the stairs again that lead to the west tower.

Blinking twice he realized he wasn't alone. And to his utter most annoyance the one who had talked to him had to be Malfoy.

The git was lazily leaning against the wall, feet firm on the floor. He was standing at the beginning for the spiral staircase, leading right to the west tower. Some of the torches were inflamed, lightening the dark stone of the tower behind him, casting an eerie aura around him.

His black robe deviously hugging his muscular body. He did look well enough, pale maybe, but in no way sick. If Harry had to guess, he would even dare to say he seemed vivid.

The always ash blond hair that was precisely in form, but not that arrogant, licked version, when he pushed his strands back with too much gel. Instead he had parted it down to the left, only leaving his spikes styled, partly covering his grey eyes.

Gasping surprised he could feel their gaze on him, sharp and passionate, gleaming almost hungrily. Started the golden boy stumbled backwards a few steps, certain he heard a faint chuckle from the pale wizard.

Of course his unexpected companion wouldn't miss something this embarrassing. Instead he enjoyed every second, taking his time to study every details.

Eying the tempting wizard his gaze glided over his dark hair he called hair, hid ridiculous glasses, the strong face, jaw set with determination. Even with his normal eyes he could still make out the small details the ever distinctive scar, the captivating emerald eyes, and the bronze glow of his skin.

He could see the trickle of sweat, smell the bittersweet taste, and he could only imagine what it felt like to sink his fangs into the tender skin of his neck.

Changing between frustration and irritation, Harry quickly found his composure. And rolling his eyes he approached the other, still keeping their eye contact, "If anyone was following around someone, it was certainly you. I was just out for a stroll, when you approached me."

Only raising one perfect eyebrow the older one stared unimpressed at his yearlong nemesis. Enjoying his obvious uncomforted position, the delicious smell of animosity, mixed with the strong wish for changes.

However, there was another, fainter scent, something sweet, but spicier and when he recognized the aroma, Draco couldn't help a wicked smile. For a short second his eyes blazed silver, eager studying Potter's reaction, "Not very likely. I'm ahead of you, so you were clearly following me."

Provoked the bronze skinned adult, forgot for a foolish moment his insecurity, ignored the way his skin pricked with the sense of danger.

Instead he moved closer, stepping on the same stair, challenging the blond git, "I'm just here because of a coincidence, what's your excuse? How should I know you were even brave enough to abound the safety of your dungeon? Wouldn't they miss their princess, Malfoy? Better hurry back before they go looking for you."

Having missed the excitement of their bickering it did remind him of their last year. After they had drawn a truce their relationship had secretly but steady changed. Especially their fights were less violent, silently ignoring one particular situation, and instead became more cunning.

"Hm, I see. But if I'm the princess, what are you than, Pottthead? Certainly not the knight in shining armor, but maybe the fool? But well, if you asked me so nicely, I feel like telling you. I believe we are looking for the same thing," and this time a devilish smile graced his lips.

Puzzled the younger adult needed a moment to remember why he had come to this area. Bewildered he wondered about the coincidence of their meeting.

But suddenly his eyes darkened, the emerald stronger, as if he had just realized something, "How do you even know what I'm looking for?"

If he remembered correctly only the prefects knew about the locked west tower "and well himself. So how come the older wizard was looking for the same thing, if he shouldn't even know it existed.

Shaking his head as if he had just said something silly, the respondent only laughed about him, "Trust me, Potter. I know about it."

"Sure, because I just trust you," however what the chosen one couldn't know was that the sound of his heart didn't speed up, like it would when caught lying, "So who told you? Zabini, Parkinson?"

It had to be one of those two, after the blond Slytherin had declined the position this year, stating it was too much trouble. And who else would know about it, and they did seem loyal enough to Malfoy to still be considered friends.

"Would you believe me if I told you it was Professor McGonagall herself?"

For a moment it was absolutely silent, before Harry burst into laughter, "Yeah sure. So what now?"

Less surprised Draco hadn't really expected Potter to believe him, if it was the truth or not. Instead he just waited until the older wizard settled enough again.

"Whatever. So after you have stopped your childish behavior, I suggest we continue to get upstairs," and with a nod of his head he pointed to the direction of the staircase.

Weighing his proposal Potter did know he was curious now. What might be hidden there? After all, if Malfoy was interested in it, he couldn't be. And if it was something scary maybe he could get a good laugh out of it, when the blond bastard would run away like in their first year.

Smirking Harry only waved his hand, "So lead the way, princess."

~oo000oo~

Only five minutes later both men reached a simple looking dark brown door. But ever since his first year the golden boy had learned that nothing was as it seemed, and a plain, wooden entry could actually lead to a three-headed dog.

Albeit, he did wager against headmistress McGonagall doing the same extraordinary things like professor Dumbledore did. So whatever was hidden in there was either heavily guarded by spells, or it was just a trap to see how well students would listen.

So it came as rather a disappointment, when Malfoy opened the door without much trouble. It almost seemed as if he was about to step inside, before he rethought his action and turned around.

At first the dark haired wizard was uncertain what the grey eyed male would try. Would he just run away, better not facing any danger, or getting into any trouble?

However, to his surprise a wicked smile graced his lips, his eyes smirking with mischievous.

"After you, Potter," and outstretching his hand, he pointed Harry into the room. It would figure, sure the git would let him go first, in case there really was a monster yearning in the darkness, "What's wrong? Don't tell me you are afraid of some stupid rumors."

However, he was rather curious what might be the secret behind the room, and therefore didn't bother too much.

Moving forward he pressed his body between the door frame and the Slytherin, trying not to think too deep about the tension that was building up within him, or the electric feeling he felt, when the other looked at him. Stiffening himself he set his mask in place, and let a big smile hide his uncomfortable emotions.

Bracing himself Harry walked inside, before he looked back.

And to his shock the room â€| well it was ordinary. Strangely disappointed the boy who lived looked around, wondering why they would lock it up.

There wasn't much light, for some reasons no torches were installed inside the chamber. However, he could still see enough, some light was sweeping from the still open door and the window showing outside.

The room was simple, just a large double bed occupied the octagonal bay, to its right side, half behind the nightstand a window showed the dark night sky with its million stars.

Disappointed Potter walked to the window, actually missing when Malfoy strode inside too, passing him.

Walking away from the door the platinum haired male moved closer to the bed, before he flipped himself onto the old mattress. Smirking he got up into a half sitting position and watched the green eyed wizard pacing around.

Unnoticed to the other his grey eyes turned silver, when his gaze kept following his beautiful prey.

Feeling his gum hurt he allowed his fangs to press through the flesh. Licking over his upper lip he couldn't wait to finally get to eat, to sink his canines into the tender flesh and to taste the alluring blood.

It wasn't hard to manipulate Potter, to call for his victim. He had already expected the Gryffindor to wander the halls alone, imagining him to stroll around his beloved school, before he returned to his friends. He simply had to lure him to this place, accommodating that Potter already knew about this place.

It was just a brief wave of his magic, like a suggestion, a whisper, low and undetected.

It was perfect, knowing the second third of the golden trio would be occupied to notice his absence. And who would actually believe him to get into trouble this early into their school terms?

Concentrating the Malfoy heir, couldn't wait for his little game to finally begin, but he had to withhold his hunger just a little bit longer. Growling low he felt the thirst, clenching at his stomach, certainly not amused to be denied.

Studying the room, the green eyed wizard soon realized that it was just a simple room. Not even some portraits decorated the walls. The

view out of the window only revealed the black sky, and the only other things inside were some old candle holders and a chair.

Sighing quiet he walked back to the door, relieved the older adult hadn't closed it behind him. It wasn't that much of a problem to enter, however there still might be something he was missing, and he wouldn't enjoy a stay in here, just in case.

However, when he got closer to the exit the dark wood creaked over the stone floor, before it flung close with a loud crash.

Dumbfounded Harry stared at the offensive door for a moment, not really comprehending what had just happened. Somehow they were both plunged in darkness, the little light from the window too far away from him to see anything.

Annoyed he reached for his wand, muttering a quiet `_lumos_`. Immediately a silver light sparkled from his tip, illuminating the strange door. To his surprise he couldn't see any kind of latch or a doorknocker.

Irritated Harry stared at the door, even tried to stem it open, without effort. Frustrated he huffed some angry curses, tried to unlock it with magic or a simple `_alohomora_`.

With the same disappointing outcome.

"Geez! Got little Potter trapped inside a dark room, with a bad monster under the bed. Give it up, the door won't release us until tomorrow," Malfoy's teasing voice reached to his ears. And in that second Harry realized what he meant. He had his wand drawn, ready to hit the bastard with some nasty curses. The crumb had known that would happen, that's why he told him to go inside first.

But before he could even chant one spell, someone else was faster and he could only hear him shouting `expelliarmus`.

Turning around completely the golden boy was shocked when he realized another figure behind him. However, his opponent allowed his captive enough light to see in the dim room.

Whispering a soft spell, the nearby candle holders flew into the air, before only the candles glided closer, inflaming the half down burned wax.

Grinning mischievous, Harry was surprisingly faced with the Malfoy heir, uncertain how the git had gotten behind him so fast.

Not really realizing the whole situation he made a step forward before he stopped. Suddenly shocked his green eyes widened with disbelief, when he finally saw the still outstretched hand of his opponent.

Innocently lying in his palm was his wand. Stopping uncertain his green eyes moved from his arm up to his face, feeling the searing gaze the Slytherin sent him.

Narrowing his eyes, he tried to read something behind the typical mask, but all he could figure out was the obvious, "Very funny,

Malfoy. So if I could please have my wand back. If you haven't realized, we are locked in and I would really love it to get out of here before tomorrow comes."

Smirking the other just leaned against the frame of the window his beautiful features only illuminated by the light of the candles.

"Tell me, Potter, who exactly is in here?" looking dumbfounded at the other the golden boy couldn't really get what was wrong. And uncertain he did the only thing he could think of. After all attack was the best offense, "Well that's difficult, but I would guess, just the two of us. And you aren't really helpful to the whole mess."

"Oh, but I am. Maybe not so much to get you out of this mess, but I am certainly trying to help myself," he retorted with a sing sang voice.

Alarmed the dark haired wizard looked at his counterpart. Something akin to anxiousness reflected in his deep green eyes, when he focused on the other.

Smiling wickedly Malfoy just allowed his magic to sweep out of him, wrap around him like mist, dark and sensual. "You know Potter, there are more things than just wizards and werewolves," he teased his prey, revealing his fangs.

Caught like a rabbit in its trap, Harry suddenly felt the air becoming heavier, stronger and thicker. Stepping away from his opponent, he moved closer to the door, felt the wood in his back.

"Well, well. If I remember right the last time you went into a locked room was during your first year. How ironic that again you chose to not listen to others when it is your last year here," chuckling amused the golden boy could clearly hear the glee in the others voice, "Or am I wrong, Potter?"

Shaking his head, the grey eyed wizard could only laugh about his innocence. Concentrating again on the other male, he casted a third spell, moving his own wand elegantly at the boy who lived, "And someone would believe you finally know, not to trust anyone too easy â€| _Incarcerous_."

Immediately thick ropes formed around the tan skin, pulling his wrists and binding them together.

Shrieking surprised the Gryffindor could only stare in disbelief at the bounds that held him in place. Dumbfounded the wizard didn't know what to say than gulping like a fish on land, before he turned to his attacker.

Malfoy had stepped directly in front of him, his eyes burning silver and his fangs glittering in the orange light.

"What the â€| what the fuck â€|?" flinching unwanted the younger one couldn't hide his discomfort, when his opposite braced one hand next his head.

"What am I?", and moving his free hand, the older one placed it on his cheeks, caressing the line of his jaw, before his stroke over his chapped lips.

"You disappoint me, Potter. Haven't you ever paid any attention in Defence Against the Dark Arts. But maybe I should show you, don't they always say actions are better than words," and with a wicked grin he forced Potter's head to the side, revealing his beautiful, delicious neck.

Diving for the offered vein, his mouth clamps around the hot flesh, sucking and licking at the tempting taste. He didn't bite down, didn't draw any blood yet, but instead he coaxed a different reaction from the golden boy.

Feeling his sight blurring, when cold fingers caressed his overheated skin Harry feared his brain to abandon him any moment. He had only always ever dared to imagine how it would feel.

However, there was nothing against the rush of panic, the excitement when he realized where Malfoy was kissing him, when his tongue was lapping over his skin, drawing a pained moan.

And somehow frustrated he felt a groan leave his lips, when the bastard dared to draw away. Almost tasting his fangs in his flesh, breaking through the thin barrier he didn't notice he had closed his eyes. Blinking hard he forced himself to stay concentrated.

"Or should I say Harry, after all we went through?" alarmed emerald eyes widened with anxiety.

Without his wand and bounded he had no chance against an armed wizard. It was the first time his former nemesis had even called him by his given name. And even though it shouldn't happen it sent a sensual shiver down his spine.

There was a thin line between love and hate, but sometimes the boy who lived wasn't too sure, he could clearly draw it.

On top of that if it hadn't been for the older one's help, the war might have ended different. It was true, they had all fought Voldemort, more important the information they gathered were quite useful for the Order.

Only at the final battle the young heir went missing. No one really knew what happened to him, just that he got injured, but pulled through and would return for their 8th year.

However, it was too soon to suddenly act like friends. After all the hard feelings, if real or just for show wouldn't vanish overnight. And the git had always annoyed him, from the moment he had insulted his friends, till the time he had stalked him during their six year.

But he had never dared to let anyone know about his obsession. Sure the others had told him, how stupid he was behaving, but that was nothing to what he was actually hiding from them.

Especially in the situation he found himself right now. The black haired man couldn't believe what the other wizard had just dared to

do.

Smiling mischievous Draco moved closer to the golden boy, breathed near against his ear, "Don't even think about escaping me. Those doors won't open before tomorrow, so it's just the two of us. What do you say? Better move over to the bed, it's more comfortable."

But without awaiting any protest he already moved his wand again. With a quick `_mobilicorpus_`, he levitated his body over to the bed, dropped his packet oddly gently.

Moving closer himself, he placed both their wands on the nightstand, before he set on the other side of the edge. Returning his attention on Potter he could see the revelation in his glowing, emerald eyes.

"You `â€` you are a vampire," shock was evident in Harry's voice.

How come no one had seen the differences? Point taken the git had always been quite pale, but this time his skin seemed to glow. His grey eyes were brighter, and full of danger and mischief.

"Hm. I see you were paying some attention during lessons. That means we can start with the actual fun," the other drawled, not bothering to hid his fangs anymore.

"Fun part. What the fuck are you talking about? What do you even want from me?" panicked the Gryffindor tried to crawl away as far as the bed would permit.

"I told you not to run. You are mine now, Potter," Draco simple retorted. "And what could I want from you? It's not that hard to figure that out," the vampire smirked, revealing his fangs.

Feeling every color drain, the boy who lived could only stare at the other. He wouldn't, he couldn't mean that `â€` frustrated his heartbeat quickened, for fucking Merlin would he allow Malfoy to bite him.

"Oh don't worry your pretty head. I do plan on biting you, but before I eat we will enjoy ourselves," his counterpart smirked.

Trashing around the golden boy felt his adrenalin increase, and panicked he tried to throw the vampire off of him, "Never, you bastard. Look for someone else you can play your sick game on, bet let me go this instant. Do you seriously believe I could want anything to do with you?"

However, the vampire seemed less impressed, and shaking his head he felt like a little child, dispraised by their parents, "Doesn't matter. You like me, that's why you are here. Irrelevant what you try to convince yourself off."

"Why would you believe something this stupid? Not everyone has to admire you!" the agitated wizard shouted back.

"True Potter, only you have to. That's why you heard my call, because you are just like me," the Slytherin responded nonchalant.

Irritated the young adult stopped for a moment in his attempt to get

away.

Smirking Draco got closer to the green eyed wizard, "Well you see, during a new moon our kind is the weakest, that is why we would always spend the night with our mates."

Flashing his eyes silver they fixed on the surprised look of his victim. It wasn't every day someone was told he was just locked up in a room with no escape together with a bloodthirsty monster.

"However, some of us might not be fortunate enough to already have a bounded one, and we would be quite tempted to go look around for a suitable companion during this time of the month. That's why McGonagall put these rooms up for me, to make sure I wouldn't be able to leave them from the inside."

Enjoying the panicked moment realization hit the other man, he couldn't deny the erotic look on the other's face. Unbeknown to the golden boy himself, he suddenly became very eager and his lips were quite dry, when he darted out his tongue and licked them.

Watching his prey, the vampire felt his gaze darkening, his magic working perfectly on the unlucky fool he had called to quench his thirst.

Caressing his cheeks, his cold, slender fingers followed every detail of the other wizard.

Closely moving over his lips, however he never touched the delicate skin, just let the tension of the air play in his favor, "You know how tempting you smell? So pure and untouched. I know you heard my call, you felt the surge of magic that's why you followed me here."

Electricity spun from the almost skin to skin contact, making it painfully tense for some kind of release. It was true, he might know about kissing. Like with Cho and Ginny, but even after realizing something was off, he had never gone further.

Whispering against his lips, the Slytherin let his breath prickles over them, "My poor little lion, didn't even realized he naively walked into my trap. There's another reason why the Headmistress made sure I would be alone, foolish of her to think I wouldn't try to play a little."

Reaching down he released Potter from his offended cloth, pulled the tie over his head and placed his glasses on the nightstand.

"So I couldn't call out for the one I placed my claim on."

Without waiting for another moment he lashed forward, placing his lips on the others.

Quickly his tongue pried open his mouth, already exploring the wet cavity. Potter tasted like magic, spices and the sweet tingled of butterbeer.

Moving down from his delicious taste, he kissed a line along his jaw, ear and juncture. He licked and bit, traced his tongue and fangs over

the soft spot on his neck. The skin was hot, feverish and salty.

Pulling back Malfoy licked his upper lip, as if he had just flavored something delicious. His legs were on either side of the chosen one, striding his hip.

Smirking his eyes turned their color to molten silver again, critically studying the bronze skinned wizard. His face was flushed, his emerald, deep green eyes blown and his lips slightly parted.

"Tell me Potter. What would you do if I were to release your bonds?" but before he even waited for a reply, his fingers ghostly moved over his neck to the tuck of his white shirt under the black robe. Leaving burning goosebumps wherever he touched him, his hands played with his still half-loose tie, before he pulled the annoying fabric off.

Moving a little on the bed, Harry managed to maneuver his hands over his face and chest, holding them up for Malfoy with a silent demand.

"If you run, I will just catch you again," the blond wizard replied, before he cut the thick ropes with one of his long, thin fingernails.

Smiling Harry just accepted his warning, when he massaged his slightly red wrists, before he moved them around in a circle. Pleased with the slowly ebbing stiffness he looked back at the blond haired vampire.

Flashing dark, his beryl eyes fastened on the others, still slightly fascinated by the constant silver shine.

Feeling bolt, or maybe he just didn't want to appear intimidated, the golden boy leaned up a little. While his arms moved around the pale male's neck and pulled him closer, and pressed their lips together, swallowing the delicious taste.

Pleased Draco hummed into their kiss, pulled the younger one closer to him. Hungry he devoured the offered mouth, tasted the familiar flavor, before Harry couldn't hold the kiss any longer "the demanding need for air, forced him to stop.

"Who ... who ...?" but he couldn't finish his sentence. It felt too intimated, to ask something this personal. He wasn't particularly interested in vampires, but through one year the twins were extremely fascinated by these dark creatures and told him almost every fact they could uncover.

And some stuff he remembered, one being the strong connection between a vampire and his sire.

"Who changed me?" Draco offered him, "Don't worry, love. He can't harm you."

And before he allowed the Gryffindor to rethink about it some more his hands slipped under his collar. Opening his simple black robe, he coaxed Potter into sitting up a little, allowing him to pull off the

garment.

Quickly cold fingers went under his pullover, pulled the garment over his head. He was wearing his school uniform for the festival. The grey sweaters, trousers and a simple shirt. Opening his own gown, he simultaneously undressed himself.

Kissing along his neck the vampire enjoyed the sweet scent of blood, strong and alluring he could almost taste the magic, but he didn't bite down on the vein. Instead he nibbled at the skin, careful not to accidentally scrap the younger teen.

Moaning his partner leaned into his touch, shivering, when his cool digits glided under his shirt, stroking over his defined stomach. Ever since Harry had started playing Quidditch his body had grown stronger, although he would never overcome his smaller height, because of his nutrient poor diet while living with the Dursleys.

Pulling him back into a kiss, he slightly nibbled on his lip, rolled it between his teeth and stimulated his senses.

"You are too trustworthy, Harry. But I guess that's one of the things I liked about you. We would never have stopped being enemies if not for your innocence," the Slytherin criticized him. Irritated the chosen one looked at the other, when silver flashing eyes stared back at his surprised green ones.

But before the other could fully react the Malfoy heir had unleashed his fangs. And eager he finally bit down hard.

Gasping, a pained groan escaped the younger wizard, turning into a quiet moaning. The black haired adult had heard about the lascivious sensuality of their bites, yet he had never expected it to be this intense.

He was on fire, his eyes clouded with lust, and his mind foggy. Whatever magic had corrupted his body; the golden boy didn't seem to mind too much. Instead it felt amazing, blissful ignorant.

It was only a soft peck on trembling lips, before the demon sank them into the offered flesh. Immediately thick, rich blood flowed his mouth tangling around his taste buds and pouring down his throat.

It had only been a small amount, yet powerful with magic, sweet and pure; like fruits mixing with the spice of pepper, mingling together. Retracing the vampire pulled back, his eyes completely changed.

Moaning Draco tried to save the taste of his blood, remember how it tingled on his tongue.

It was like a drug, an aphrodisiac, when a sheer drop was enough to cloud his mind. Lapping his tongue over the wound, he gently closed the open sore, stopped the gushing blood.

Terrified the tanned man pushed his partner off him, his hands slapping over his mouth. His eyes were dilated, burning with fear and desire.

"You â€¦ you bit â€¦" but the emerald eyed man couldn't finish his sentence. Instead he winced, breathing hard, when an embarrassing heat aroused in his abdomen. Quickly covering his growing erection his hands slid over the visible bulge in his trousers.

Smirking evil the bastard only got up again, when he fell from the bed, his features still changed. Eyes silver with magic, and flashing dangerous, when cold, slender fingers placed under his chin, lifting his head, "Stupid Potter. Our bite is always sensual, and you better take care of it, because it would be agony to try and withhold yourself."

He knew what he was talking about. After they had killed his sire he had felt the first wave of heat. The searing pain, when his insides burned, desperately screaming for some release. Nonetheless they had simply transferred him to St. Mungo, where he was locked in a single room, forced to endure this ordeal alone.

Unimpressed the Slytherin pulled his hands away, locking his arms over his head, when his free one opened the buttons on his trouser. With quick movements he yanked down the offended garment, leaving the golden boy only in his boxers.

It was a delicious sight, seeing the man who had tortured him since their first meeting in Diagon Alley, all powerless and at his mercy.

Caressing the inside of his tights, he moved closer to his prey. The pale wizard could feel how his lover was growing eager, and smiling he couldn't help but increase the effect of his enchantment, "I did wonder what would happen if I were to use my influence on you. After all you are able to withstand the imperius curse quite well. So if it's subtle you won't care, but if you are right forward attack your magic seems to react."

Confused Harry stilled in his attempt. It wasn't a well-kept secret that he was different to others, but it didn't make any sense why Malfoy should be surprised about it. He should have known he could shield his mind enough to have no effect on him.

"You aren't really making any sense. You have seen me training for the battle, you know about my magic, so what does that have to do with what you bastard are trying?"

Amused his counterpart could only guess that the tanned male hadn't notice when he used his own magic to protect himself.

"Hn. It's typical you, Potthead to not realize, when you use your own magic."

However, he wasn't going to explain to him what was happening. After all that had happened the green eyed adult wouldn't react kind to knowing that the person he was about to sleep with was effecting him with his allure. He didn't use it to force his chosen to anything the other wouldn't want to do, but it did help Potter to relax a little, and make him lightheaded.

"And you talk too much. Maybe I should just bite you again. I am sure you would make a lovely picture â€" all withering and panting at my mercy."

"You â€¦ you wouldn't?" although Harry couldn't hide the effect it still had on him, he wasn't eager to find out, how much worse it would feel if the vampire were to not just scrap him.

Shaking his head, the young adult got up, shedding himself of his robe, "Don't worry, pet. I take pride in my own skills." Although he was still going to feed tonight, but that was something his prey wouldn't need to know yet.

Instead he rearranged them both on the bed. Getting rid of their clothes, while enjoying the delicious scent of fear, coming off his victim. Ignoring Potter's prominent problem, he slowly started kissing along his neck, allowing his blunt teeth to scratch over the skin.

Gasping shocked the savior of the wizard world could only hold his breath. He was still feeling dizzy and he wondered if it was from the bite. It had felt incredible, like he was on fire and the pure thought about it made him even more sensitive to his touches.

He wanted it, had wanted it for years, but there was no saying in how wrong it sounded. Still here he was, at the end of a battle he had surprisingly survived, ready to have sex with someone annoying his every being. Someone who had assaulted his friends, made his first six years at Hogwarts a living hell, tried to humiliate him and get him into trouble.

And yet he had surprisingly fast connected with the bastard. Suddenly no pressure, if from Malfoy's family or Potter's name, nothing tainted their future. Just two people, willing to try anew start.

Feeling his lover caressing his chest, he felt the blond gently helping him out of his garment.

He slowly traveled down, with lips and fingers, touching, caressing, licking over every nibbling at the exposed skin. Coldness pricked at his senses, sending shivers down his spine.

Stopping at one of his nipples he teasingly bit into one of them, earning himself a pained moan. It quickly turned red, slightly shining through the bronze tan. Deliberately distracting Potter, the taller man soon found the chance to hock his fingers under the hem of his underwear, snapping the elastic waistband.

Yelping surprised Harry fought against the fog that clouded his mind. However, it seemed to no use, the more he tried to concentrate on something specific, the more it seemed to withdraw faster from him. Instead he leaned into the touch, his hands clutching the soft fabric under his fingertips.

Digging his nails into the mattress, he tried to withhold a groan, when his half hard cock was freed from the suddenly tight feeling of his boxers. Admiring the thick, throbbing organ Malfoy's cold fingers wrapped around it, squeezed it a little.

"Ahhh â€¦ y-you git," panted the Gryffindor at the sudden pressure, not expecting the other to act this bold.

"Always at your service, Harry. Turn around love, and hold on to the headboard," the blond whispered near his ear, animating the other to actually move around.

Distracting the golden boy followed his request, not realizing when the older one stretched up completely. Getting rid of the rest of his garment, he reached for his wand, lying innocently on the nightstand, where he left it. Undressing his own shirt and trouser, he wordless spelled them neatly over the chair.

Placing his free hand on the tanned male's back he located his spine, tracing it with his fingers. Feeling the cold seeping out of his touch, Harry couldn't control it, when he slightly flinched at the stroke, still not fully used to its temperature.

Smirking Malfoy could only enjoy the picture under him. The chosen one, naked, aroused by his touch, and still trying to deny him. Well he would have to change that. Spelling his fingers, he coated them with a clear, glossy substance before he placed his wand back.

Sensing every touch, every flow of magic Potter couldn't help but feel drawn to it. It was dangerous, like the taste of something sinful, dulced figs, the forbidden fruit. Feeling his arousal growing, the emerald eyed man couldn't hide a groaning, shivering delighted, enjoying the iciness seeping into his bones.

Trebling with pleasure he could guess the others movements, feel his patterns when he increased pressure on his backbone. Almost anticipating he moaned, when one long finger finally found his twitching hole, inserted into the awaiting heat.

The Gryffindor could feel the slick digits, assuming he must have covered them in some conjured lube, "_Nghh_ â€| Mal-Malfoy â€| don't â€|" he only managed to groan, before cold lips kissed along his neck and shoulders. The raven felt aroused, burning within, when a tormenting tongue sucked at the feverish skin.

"Don't what, Potter? Don't stop â€" don't worry I haven't planned to go easy on you," his lover teased him, promised him.

Quickly adding another, and another finger, he didn't allow his partner to get used to the pressure, to the feeling of being filled, while a pale hand wrapped around his leaking cock.

Simultaneously pumping at the growing erecting, and abusing his butthole, the raven haired adult could hardly keep his position. Groaning and panting his hands tried to grip the dark-brown colored wood of the headboard to endure the mixture of pleasure and pain. It hurt feeling the fingers scissoring his entrance, and yet it was thrilling, painful, when a whine escaped his lips.

Smirking Draco knew he must have just hit his prostate, becoming impassioned when his own penis ached and throbbed.

Pulling back again, he felt Potter's hole twitched, trying to hold his fingers, and a delicious whimper escaped his mouth, "_Ngg_ â€| no â€| don't â€|"

"Shh, Harry â€| _ugg_ â€| it's alright," and finally aliening the tip

of his cock, glittering with his own pre-come with his beautiful pink and wet buttohole, he pushed inside.

Breathing hard, both men couldn't control their passion any longer, their need to feel each other, and to join together. Ramming his whole penis inside, the Slytherin prince buried himself until his balls, touched the perfect round butt cheeks.

Groaning hoarsely Draco screamed in lust, feeling the excitement, he didn't allow the Gryffindor to go slowly, not after waiting forever to this moment.

"Oh good, Dray-Draco," Harry cried, feeling the agonizing pain from something way thicker than just three fingers. It hurt, abused his already red and stretched hole, but the electricity it sent through his body felt divine, searing at his flesh.

Sensing the pulse, the tanned wizard knew he wouldn't hold much longer. Begging his lover to move, to pull out, to do anything just to feel that addicting friction again, "Bastard â€¦ _ahh_ â€¦ I'm warningâ€¦ you â€¦ _ngg_ â€¦ don't you â€¦ dare to stop."

Despise his threat the pale male didn't seem to mind. Instead he pulled out again, only leaving the tip inside, before he trusted back hard. I

"Merlin, Harry," the addressed one could hear his name, sounding hoarse and faint, "You feel a-amazing â€¦ so fucking â€¦ _ugg_ â€¦ tight, love."

Sensing his pet near his orgasm, the vampire moved his free hand. Until now he had placed it on his partner's hip, stabilizing them. But then he moved it over his chest, tenderly caressed his neck, knowing his prey wouldn't realize the meaning of it.

Unleashing his fangs, Malfoy placed a single kiss on the juncture between head and shoulder, sucking at the sweaty and salty skin.

Gasping surprised Harry hadn't expected the vampire to bite him, burning at the sensation of his canines. His pleasure was overtaking him, his orgasm lasting longer than anything he had ever felt before. Squirming his blown, emerald eyes shut, when sharp canines sank into his flesh, burning, searing, tearing.

Pulling back, the Slytherin prince groaned at the rich taste. Releasing his teeth, he started sucking at the open vein, intensifying the pleasure-pain, leaving the gasping wizard withering and struggling on the sheets.

Drinking his share of heavenly sweet blood, Draco only increased his trusts, became more aggressive, when sharp nails dug into his victim's hips, and scratched over his torso, holding his body in place. Growing with speed he felt his lust reaching its limit. Pulling back from the bite, he absentminded licked over the puncture wounds, closing them.

It was too much for the savior of the world. Feeling the cock buried deep within him, while his free hand was rubbing his own penis, he felt his inner walls clenching. Crying his lover's name, the dark

skinned man came, coating Malfoy's hand and the mattresses with milky-white semen.

Swelling painfully the vampire felt no different. Succumbing to his own pleasure, coaxed at the sudden, tight heat of his partner, he shot his own load, buried deep within, also screaming the others name.

Cracking with electricity, the tension in the room intensified. Vibrating from the walls the energy of their magic combined, reflected and bounded, before it was thrown back, wearing off. Returning without a trace of what had happened.

~oo000oo~

Exhausted both wizards dropped into the bed, drained from their lovemaking. Gasping and panting they needed a moment to rearrange themselves, leisurely fading back to awareness.

Slowly slide out of the chosen one the Slytherin savored the euphoria of their bonding. After tasting the pleasure of blood, his instincts became less prominent, satisfied at the rich flavor and subsided at the ongoing night. Embracing his lover, he pulled the green eyed adult into his embrace, burring his nose into his neck. Sniffing at the familiar scent, it helped the vampire to control his powers, and to fight his urge to bite him again.

"Oh my god, that was amazing. I guess I never felt this complete, not after the war and everything else. I just wished this would be forever," the green eyed wizard chuckled breathless, still trying to get over the sensation he felt.

Shocked the vampire next to him had shifted on the mattress, before completely sitting up.

Shaking his head annoyed he could only close his eyes for a moment, trying to get rid of the intoxicating smell of blood that filled his nose.

"You better stop making stupid comments, if you don't want to be in a lot of trouble, Potter," he hadn't planned on sounding this harsh, but just now all his attention was drawn to his instincts to try to keep them at bay. Taken aback Harry also got up, and frightened he studied the other male. Whatever it was that he had just said, he didn't expect him to be this nasty with him.

"I'm sorry if I might have offended your pride, Malfoy! Just forget I ever said anything and â€¦" hurt the agitated wizard tried to make a quick move to get out of the bed, but his body still arched when he made a sudden movement.

Forced to freeze in his attempt to get away, Harry couldn't even finish his own muttering, when he was pulled back and trapped under Draco's body.

Pouting the golden boy tried to kick free, but against a vampire his physical strength was no match. Although he couldn't understand what was going on the other placed both his hands on either side of his head. Swallowing hard the smaller one could clearly see the dangerous look on the pale face, the molten, silver eyes that flashed

wicked.

But before the raven haired male could question the Malfoy heir what triggered his sudden change of behavior he felt full, hot lips on his own, kissing him hard.

Gasping it didn't take long for Draco to pry them open and to explore the inside, like it was their first time. Enjoying the sweet, delicious taste he drowned in the feeling of his lover, before pulling back painfully. Letting his forehead rest on the others for a moment the prince of Slytherin closed his eyes a second time, savoring the feeling of skin to skin contact.

Smiling sadly the vampire pulled back again, but kept his victim under his body.

He had positioned himself over the smaller wizard, trapping him there, while Harry was lying between his straddled legs. Sighing the platinum, blond male tried to relax his features again, before he looked down at the still slightly flushed face.

"I didn't mean it like that. It's just, what you said was kind of aggressing my instincts," he finally admitted, still not fully able to hold his human form his eyes were still glowing silver.

Moving closer his hand stroked over Harry's face, his cheeks and the bruised lips, down to his neck. Pressing his fingers on the still visible bite mark, a quick smirk grazed his face. He knew how sensitive the scars would be, and pressing down on them was like directly teasing his sweet spot.

Caught off-guard the green eyed boy could only half hide a sudden moaning leaving his lips. Shocked his hand flared to his mouth and irritated he started back at the other.

Grinning the taller one removed his hand, and turned it to face the palm, before placing a single kiss on the inside, "Do you know how adorable cute you are, when you are so confused?"

Flushing red the dark skinned wizard didn't try to remove his hand this time. Admitting he liked the attention he was getting. However, he could feel something was off, and he would be damned if he didn't find out what was going on, "What is really going on? Something is bothering you, am I not right?"

Watching Harry for a whole minute, before speaking again, the vampire didn't bother to take his time to think about his next words. On top of that it wasn't like the other was urging him to say anything. Sighing again Malfoy, decided to just spill the beans. Looking to his side he could feel the dawn of the new day, still too weak for any other wizard to see the band of glowing red.

"You said you wouldn't mind for this to go on forever," something about that statement made Harry wonder if Draco was just repeating his words or rather questioning him. Unsure what he wanted to hear the golden boy whispered his response, smiling about a dumbfounded vampire startling back at him.

"Sure I wouldn't mind staying with you, but I don't get why that surprised you so much. I mean I believed you had already figured out

I liked you, so where's the problem if I wanted to be your boyfriend?" the wizard concluded, shrugging his shoulders as if there was nothing more behind it.

"You are doing it again, and you have no idea how troublesome that is for me," and when his hands gripped him by the shoulders the boy who lived was surprised at how rouge he was. Attempting to get free, he tried to push off his hold on him, but still with little effort. Even though Draco complied too his wish, he still didn't let go of him completely.

Annoyed Harry tried to figure out what it was that he constantly seemed to miss, and angry his voice cracked a little when he looked up again, "Then explain it to me, you git. Because right now all you do is talking in riddles!"

Blinking surprised the vampire seemed to rethink his outburst, before he focused on the other wizard again. Startled the bronze skinned boy realized how his eyes had changed again, and how the gleaming silver must have left them. Smiling softly the prince of Slytherin just went against everything to keep his facade, "It's rather simple. I chose you as my mate, and when you idiot constantly tell me you want to be with me, it tempts my instincts."

Finally getting up, the grey eyed male allowed his prey to sit up again.

Figuring the golden boy would use the first change to get away from him he didn't stop him. But to his surprise the other didn't move any further away.

Instead he steadied himself on his elbow to reach up enough to place a chaste kiss on the beautiful, pale lips of his lover.

Grinning like an idiot Harry could only roll with his eyes, when the other was almost panicking about their constant contact.

"So you tell me you just want me the same way. Not with all that poetic talk, but what's so bad about it?"

Shaking his head, he certainly wondered about his naivety, before explaining what he really meant, "Harry, I'm a dark creature, a magical being, and to mate with me would mean you would bond with me for all eternity. On top of that vampires always change their mates. It's easier when both are immortal and more satisfying when they share their blood."

This time Harry was gulping like a fish on land.

He didn't expect that kind of answer. Sure he should feel special, after all Draco wanted the same thing from him, but he didn't believe Harry would be too enthusiastic about being turned into a monster. No exception it was the way how vampire relationships worked.

"Well, that sure is unexpected, but not a hindering. I mean you just admitted to like me too â€" at least a little for your magic to react to mine. So why not just get over it," sheepishly laughing about his chose of words the golden boy was actually uncertain how to convince the other of his reasons.

Dumbfounded the vampire let his molten, silver eyes travel over the other. Taking in the light blush that was still visible, the dark skin or the full, bruised lips most of all his hypnotic, emerald eyes that didn't seem to hide any doubts.

Moving closer his slender fingers cupped his face and caressing over his cheeks, he couldn't resist to the sudden urge to kiss his lover.

However, the Slytherin soon pulled away, leaving only a chaste feeling, when he studied the other more thoroughly. "You don't know what you just said. I won't turn you, on a whim. I never even should have said anything to you."

Already thinking about his possibilities, Harry placed one of his fingers on his lips, silencing the beautiful vampire.

"You idiot, pulling your enthrall would certainly not work on me. You remember I can withstand the imperius curse quite well. And on top of that I'm the best student at Defence against the Dark Arts, so don't worry too much about me acting on a whim. I perfectly well know, how vampires choose their mates," the raven haired wizard reassured his opposite. However, still not truly convinced the other moved away from him completely, eying the other the whole time.

Sighing again the golden boy got up to, and reached for his wand. The blond haired wizard had carelessly tossed it on the nightstand, already forgetting about it.

Irritated Draco watched his chosen one carefully. He knew that if it came to one Harry Potter you were better safe than sorry.

Smiling Harry just smirked at the Slytherin. But to his biggest surprise he didn't really try anything against him. Instead he pointed the end of the wand against himself, and whispered a quick cleaning charm, before he looked up again.

Amused his green eyes could clearly see the doubt in the other's face, just waiting for him, to do something stupid. Well then he should not disappoint him, and swiftly he turned around and yelled a `_Colloportus _spell` against the door. _

Shocked Malfoy's whole face fell, and all emotions drained, when he realized what had just happened. The cunning, little Gryffindor had locked them in, and with the power of his magic as one of the strongest wizards, they wouldn't get out too soon.

Although he might be able to reverse the spell, but even he with his vampire magic added couldn't get it done immediately.

"Ups, how could that happen," acting innocently Potter's voice rang from the stone walls that held them now prison. Darting forward the vampire had his victim gripped in strong arms, feeling attacked when the older wizard, tried to lock them both inside.

Little surprised the savior of the wizarding world had expected the Slytherin to pounce on him. Instead he patiently waited for his former enemy to release the hold on his hold.

"Tell me. What would it take for me to prove to you that I want

this?" locking eyes with the vampire, Harry didn't twitch one inch from this position. He was still leaning against the wall, not really bothering the fact that he was still nude.

"You, are an idiot. Don't ask that of me, you have no idea what it actually means to sit in a room full of students, hearing their blood rush in their ears. For food not to lose its taste but to become boring compared to blood."

"Sure I know what this means. Eternal life when I was afraid to be killed before I reach maturity, enthralled beauty oh and I have to say, amazingly hot sex," still grinning like made Potter's eyes sparkled with a determination, only Harry had ever shown.

And Malfoy knew, by Merlin he knew everything about the golden boy. After all he had watched him for years now.

Sighing the pale man still didn't feel confident about turning someone else. If he had the chance, he wouldn't have wanted for anything of it, "What about the others? What will the daily prophet say when they realized their poster boy, wasn't as innocent as expected?"

Groaning the green eyed wizard, could only shock his head at the reminder of that rag, "I don't care what others say, I did what the world had expected me to do, but now it's my life" and my decisions to make." Trying to remember everything he once had heard about vampires" where was Hermione when you needed her, "You bit me and drank my blood. You can feel if I'm lying to you."

Letting himself fall back onto the bed, the Slytherin still made sure to have the maximum distance between them. Closing his silver eyes, he breathed deeply, trying to cool down his still boiling blood.

Listening closely, he concentrated on the small sound of a heartbeat, the strong waves of magic that had woven themselves into his own. He could feel the foreign presence within his, read the golden boy.

Ironically he wasn't even surprised about his behavior. He unconsciously had learned that not everything he always thought about the chose one was true. Certain believes were simply the results of the Daily Prophet and the legend that surrounded the boy who lived.

For one thing Harry would either pull through the whole way, or not even start at all. He wouldn't leave unfinished business, and now that he finally was allowed for some privacy his love life wouldn't suffer either.

"Look at me, love. Tell me what had happened to you. Was it" was it Voldemort," flinching unwillingly Draco still couldn't get over that name. especially not after everything that he had to endure because of that man. But it was just like Potter to miss the obvious. Instead he worried about others, afraid they would hate him for something he was guiltless about.

Opening his eyes again, Draco focused on the man before him. Breathing even he recalled what had happened that fateful day on the

battlefield. "No. It was Lucius' command. When we hit the manor, they had already expected us, and we got separated. That man, he told them to bite me, humiliate me and to drain me," the young Malfoy heir spit.

After everything that had happened, he would never call his father by his title, "However, my own luck was catching up with me, they decided I was too precious to just killed. Instead one of them bit himself, forced the blood down my throat."

Shivering the blond remembered his sire's words, _"__You are too much fun to already kill. No we will do this slowly and painful. Did you know it's far more difficult to die as a vampire?"_

Feeling his color drained Harry's eyes darkened. He was out for blood, preferable one of that bastards who changed him. Clenching his hand into a fist, he felt his blunt nails, digging into the soft flesh.

Sensing his lover's tumult, Draco quickly grabbed them, "Don't! I had enough time to despise myself for what I had become. It won't change anything. However, when I smelled you, I knew what you felt, it was something that made this whole mess entertaining."

The raven haired wizard had remained silent, just listening to his voice. Although his beautiful emerald eyes were livid, he didn't seem to move at all.

Smirking the blond haired male had to give his credits for his calm expression.

And for the first time since this war ended the pale wizard remembered who exactly was in front of him. Potter wasn't some simple participator, instead he had fought at the front line. And he had learned, when to remain serious.

"What happened to the one, who changed you. You said he was dead?"

Answering with a nod, the vampire remembered his own words, "Yes. When the second ambush found us, they didn't think twice. When one of them attacked us, the Aurors quickly killed them. Afterward, they brought me to St. Mungo, where I had been staying for the first few month of summer."

His always sparkling green eyes showed a determination, his features were perfect, slightly straight, but nothing to give away his insecurity.

Harry knew what he had asked for, what he had hoped for and what he wanted. He had made this choice almost the moment he had seen the chance. But he didn't feel like it was a stupid idea. He had loved Malfoy for too long to simply be overcome by something this minor.

Not that the situation was to be underestimated, however he could tell that nothing was left of his past. Ron and Hermione had moved on and even Malfoy "if the git would admit it or not."

"Then there is nothing left," the savior of the wizard world stated,

"Change me, just this once I want something I decided myself, and not others or my name did for me."

"Are you certain, Harry? Once we bond there's no turning back," and when Malfoy pulled him into a questioning kiss, he returned it with eager passion. "Turn me. You already corrupted my body and soul, why stopping now?" the golden boy retorted. This time it was him who placed his hand on the other's cheeks, forcing him to look straight at his emerald, strong eyes.

Answering his silent challenge, the vampire flashed his eyes, molten silver weaving with dark magic.

A sinful grin on his lips, when he gently pushing the raven back into the bed his mouth fastening around the unmarked skin, nibbling at the salty taste.

Moaning the Gryffindor felt his arousal returning.

It only took the pale wizard a few skillful distractions, before his lover was trashing on the sheets again, "Don't â€| don't you dare stop now!"

Smirking the Malfoy heir pulled back his lips, revealing his fangs. Sinking his canines into the soft flesh, again the delicious blood of his lover splashed into his mouth. Taking deep gulps, he had moved closer to the dying human, securing his arms. He knew Harry would start trashing soon, withering and trying to get free from him.

It was instinct, and his body would fight until his last drop to survive, when he started to scream, "Ahh D-Draco â€|"

Again enjoying the sweet, powerful taste of blood, the Slytherin soon felt overwhelmed by his victim, pushing the fragile human back on to the bed. Still attached with his mouth to his neck, Draco continued to drink, while his other hand gently caressed his partner, stroke over his hair and back.

It only lasted some frightening few seconds, before he pulled back again, tearing his fangs out of the abused flesh. Flashing his eyes, they turned silver at the amount of magic and life rushing through his body.

Licking over his lips, Malfoy shivered, moaning at the flavor.

Locking back at his victim, he helped Potter into a better sitting position. He had only left the golden boy a small minimum of blood, deadly by any mean. It was already too late to go back, and plunging his canines into his own wrist, the pale male tasted his own blood, quelling in the fresh wound.

Turning around, he held out his bleeding arm for the dying Gryffindor. Draco didn't dare to move, although Harry was only barley realizing what was going on around him, he understood his gesture.

If he seriously wanted it, he was going to be the one to take it. Lashing forward the bronze skinned man, could hardly keep himself awake, however, he managed to grab for the wrist. Pulling Malfoy

closer to him, he attached his lips to the open sore.

Starting almost immediately he began drinking, taking gulps of the sweet, tasting liquid. Maybe it was instinct, maybe just coincident that showed him, that guided him. But somehow the magic of his blood, of a vampire's poison, was washing over him, merging with his own.

At first it tasted strange on his tongue, copper and nothing remotely enjoyable, before the liquid slowly turned sweet, running down his throat. And shocked his eyes widened in sensation.

Narrowing his eyes he tried to read something in the others expression. And for a short moment he believed he saw something like a pleading, as if he begged him to forgive him for what he did.

Draco had marked him as his mate, to claim him and spent eternity together with him. When he relaxed again he felt how the grip from the other became softer. He couldn't smile, but reaching for his hand Harry managed to caress his cheeks, before he felt his vision dying. Black dots moved about his eyes, making it hard to concentrate.

And slowly growing darker, he continually fell into unconscious.

~oo000oo~

_One month later _

It was over a month into the first semester of school. All the students gathered together, meeting in the Great Hall for their breakfast. As always the golden trio took their places at the long tables.

Hovering around the sounds of moving or the uniforms scratching could be heard, and placed the room in a warm, loud feeling.

However, not everything was as it seemed. Again Harry was first of his friends, only on the verge realizing, when the two finally arrived.

It wasn't too surprising, after the two had finally managed to get together at the end of the last year, they were inseparably. And smiling the slightly paler boy knew what they had done just before appearing for breakfast.

He could smell the hormones on them, and feel the afterglow of their fused magic.

"I'm telling you, Hermione. He's a vampire!" sitting down the two Gryffindors joined their friend at the table. Like always their plates mystically filled with food, which Ron already devoured.

"Right Harry, you see it too?" irritated the emerald eyed boy looked up. He wasn't eating anything, instead reading in an old journal.

Surprised the brown haired head girl eyed him. It wasn't the first

time she had seen him missing his food, but this time it felt different.

Suddenly twitching when her thoughts got interrupted, she looked back at Harry who shut his book loudly.

"Okay Ron, you lost me, what's going on?" not really paying attention to their talking, the boy who lived was a little confused, when his best friend surprisingly dragged him into their discussion.

Shaking her head, Hermione could only scrap her idea for later, "Ron here believes that Malfoy's a vampire. But that's not logical. I mean, how would he eat, or why hasn't he attacked anyone yet?"

Pouting the ginger haired boy stuffed his mouth with some bacon, not waiting until he had finished his dish to counter, "Wrong, 'Mione. I tell you he's out there every night, devouring some poor Slytherin girl and drinking her dry."

Chuckling slightly Harry couldn't believe, what was actually going on, "That's very unlikely, buddy." But instead of a proper answer he just earned himself an annoyed growl.

Laughing next to them they hadn't first realized that the others seemed to have overheard their conversation. Amused Neville had tried to keep his giggling quiet, but when he had seen the determination Ron tried to prove his theory he couldn't hold still.

Irritated the emerald eyed boy looked at the whole table, everyone somehow trying to hide their amusement.

Only when Ginny finally helped the young wizard out, it became clear what was going on, "Don't worry too much, Harry. Ron's driving us crazy with his idea for days now. I'm actually more surprised you haven't realized it sooner, but the two are bickering about the same topic since Monday."

And when Harry looked at his dormmates everyone was eagerly nodding their assent. Seamus even added that Ron already had conspired a masterplan on how to make Malfoy blow his cover.

Raising an eyebrow at his table, the bronze skinned wizard, could hardly believe what he had missed. Instead he tried to resume his last statement, "Sorry guys, it appears I've been a little too distracted the last couple of days. However, just think about it Ron, I don't think your theory is that stable. After all I haven't really realized that the Slytherin table is shrinking, so that wouldn't work out."

"On top of that, most vampires look for a mate, to share their blood with, well next to other body fluids," the brain of Gryffindor interrupted the two boys, giggling about her own joke.

"Whatever it is, I don't care if he uses his friends for that. Vampire is vampire, I tell you," the red head was fixed on his point, not moving one inch. But before his girlfriend could correct him, someone else did,

"Wrong buddy. What she meant was like a soul mate, a companion, or

simple a lover. And you might be careful, vampires tend to chance their chosen ones."

Pouting annoyed a certain witch couldn't conceal her feelings completely, when someone was faster than her. But she was actually proud about her friend for paying attention in lessons for once. Just a little irritated he knew specific about that topic.

And frowning she couldn't believe her next thought, "Please don't tell me, you believe him. Trust me Malfoy isn't a bloodsucking monster."

And almost relieved Hermione sighted, when her raven haired friend denied her question. Much to his best friend's disbelieve, "Oh, come on. Don't tell me you can't see the signs."

Amused the golden boy decided to take the fun to the next level. And watching his friends for a moment, he could see how Ron was still fascinated by his bacon, while Hermione tried to get some common sense into their heads, "Oh, I do believe you, Ron. Just not the whole going around and attacking poor Slytherin girls stuff."

"Harry, that's not possible," Hermione corrected him already, "Like I said. Unless Malfoy has a bonded one, it's impossible to control a vampire's thirst."

And turning back to the other boy she reminded him that she meant it theoretically. But suddenly she felt a cold shiver running down her spines, and watching the savior of the wizard world. For a whole minute she couldn't pry her eyes from his sparkling green ones, before he lowered his gaze.

And clouded with pleasure they held an intense secrete captive.

Slightly panicked Hermione just stared at her friend, her own pupils blown with fear, and her color slowly draining from her face. Smirking a little the raven haired boy realized how much the other already influenced his own actions.

"And why shouldn't he have a mate? I wouldn't be so sure about that," the beryl eyed boy questioned her, letting some of his magic slip, when a sensual feeling wrapped around him.

Without looking up, he knew someone else in the Great Hall, who had reacted to his dark magic.

Recognizing the pleasure and warmth of his bounded one embracing him, he enjoyed the love of his mate pouring through the magic of their connection. Feeling the heavy thoughts of realization drowning the female head girl, the golden boy couldn't completely hide his amusement about the situation.

However, her boyfriend hadn't caught up yet, and between some bites of his breakfast a muffled _why_ was heard.

But Harry just remained silent, only a small smile grazing his lips. Instead he shook his head, signaling both that here was not the right place to talk. Feeling a strange itching again, the brown haired

witch looked sharply at her best friend, before giving up to his little hide and seek.

Clamping together her hands Hermione was determined to uncover what had just happened. She could smell a mystery, and she was going to unravel what was going on.

Arching an eyebrow, the brown haired Gryffindor slowly got up from her seat. As if challenging her opposite she waited for Harry to except her invitation.

Still smiling the same nonchalantly laugh, it didn't take him long to follow her request. Getting up too he hooked the book under his arm, before taking a last sip of his drink, enjoying the rich, thick liquid.

Looking over her his eyes seemed to focus on something in the distance, again showing this strange gleaming Hermione couldn't decipher.

Perplexed Ron stared at both his friends. He was too fascinated with his second plat, and enjoyed the fact that his girlfriend wasn't trying to correct him again to listen too closely to them.

"Ron, 'Mione, I think we need to talk. And judging by your better half I'm afraid she wants to know an answer now. Sorry buddy, but breakfast just got cut short, however I'm not willing to spoil things with your girlfriend," the golden boy tried to explain to his best friend.

Grinning encouraging, he hoped his point was clear enough, when he pointed with a nod at the Gryffindor witch.

Groaning exaggerated the ginger haired boy could understand his buddy perfectly. After eight years together he wasn't a very big fan either to blow it with Hermione. "Sure whatever," and glancing a sympathetic look at the chosen one, Ron got up too.

Unbeknown to them their whole conversation was witnessed by their classmates, however none of them seemed really surprised.

Maybe they were already used to the golden trio acting on their own, or it was just the fact that the new year had only just began, and they only wanted to be left alone. After all it wasn't likely that another big challenge would await them, so why not enjoy the moment of piece?

~oo000oo~

Leading the way, the brown haired head girl went at a smart pace out of the great hall. She had seen the golden boy and knew how he sometimes kept important stuff to himself, just not to bother his friends with his problems.

Although she had hoped that after everything they had went through, that it might have changed, there still seemed to be secrets between them.

Guiding them to one of the empty classrooms, Hermione was the first to step through and held the door open for the others. Looking around

a little Harry realized it was one of the lesser used lecture rooms, which was perfect for their purpose.

Using the moment, the ebony haired boy leaned casually against one of the desks, while watching his friends. He had felt the tingling of magic the moment they entered, and now the head girl had locked the room to be undisturbed.

However, smirking slightly he had also felt the lingering of dark magic, sensually crawling over the floor and entering their conversation.

Taking a seat opposite to the boy who lived, the grey eyed wizard waited for the other two to begin. After all it felt like they were up to something, which he might have missed during breakfast.

Realizing that none of her friends would talk first, the frizzy witch took matters in her own hands, "Okay Harry. I don't know what is going on, or why you can't trust us, but you are hiding something from us."

Stiffening slightly the older wizard was surprised about the serious matter that was going on.

However, typical for Harry he tried to play it down. Denying his problems with a head shaking, his piercing green eyes concentrated on the other wizard, "Trust me, my problem isn't that much a problem than just a change of circumstances. More importantly however is your little idea, Ron."

And since a long time ago the addressed one felt worried. It was long ago that they talked in riddles, or that the problem seemed to be each other.

However, Hermione was less pleased with their behavior, "Stop that Harry. We are your friends, you can tell us everything. And don't try to make excuses or trying to make Ron's theory so major. 'Cause it isn't!"

Suddenly there was a crack of magic and like when the slow motion was reversed, two Gryffindors were ready. Their wands drawn they faced someone behind them, because to their biggest shock they weren't alone anymore.

Casually sitting on the teacher's desk was another person, his black robes clinging perfectly to his body. He had his legs crossed over, his hands right and left on the table.

Smirking mischievous his grey eyes stared at the three school rivals, before they came to a stop on the golden boy. Almost challenging they glowed silver for a brief moment, but certainly long enough for his opponents to see the changes. However, shocked about their uninvited guest, neither of the two lovers knew what to say.

Instead they just stood there, their minds blank with shock, and just ready to wait for any signal to start hex the intruder.

Sneering victoriously the Slytherin prince enjoyed the dumbfounded looks on two parts of the golden trio. However, he felt obligated to

at least say something " especially when he saw the chosen one roll his eyes. What could he say, he always loved the big drama.

"Oh that's quite funny. You know, after all they say about you, you kinda disappoint me. I mean I thought you would have figured it out already," although he wasn't looking at her it was clear he had meant the clever head girl.

But Hermione needed a moment longer to get over her shock.

She was sure she had locked the room, making it impossible for him to follow them. Instead it was the youngest Weasley who found his voice the fastest, and sneering he wouldn't hide his dislike about the other, "Malfoy, what are you doing here? How did you even get in? 'Mione always seals the rooms when we are alone."

It wasn't the same loathing he had felt against the brick in their first years, but he still wouldn't like or even trust one of them. Sure he knew that the Slytherin prince was an important achievement in their quest, but that wouldn't mean he would start hanging out with the slimy git.

Still resting his eyes on his mate, Draco didn't flinch when the others were about to raise their wands again.

Instead he almost provocatively enjoyed the moment of confusion, when he graced them with an answer, "But that's surprising, Weasel. Weren't you the one who told your whole dorm already, how I could avoid such a simple spell?"

But before the situation would turn ugly, Harry went past his friends, directly approaching their enemy.

"Stop that Draco, I told you to behave. They are my friends," the dark haired wizard told him, leaning closely to the other, as if he would challenge him for another word.

Amused the blond haired vampire played along, when he tilted his head, "But love, it's fun to mess with them." And thinking about his options liquid silver eyes lit up with a playful gleaming.

Only his counterpart had already seen the mischievous glint, and instead placed a chaste kiss on his lips, silencing his pouting, "You seriously get us killed, before I can explain what's going on."

Watching the whole scene, neither Ron nor Hermione had said a word. Not since their friend had walked by and started to talk. Maybe because they both hadn't believed their ears or trusted their eyes.

Definitely shocked, and probably even a little hyperventilation both couldn't comprehend what was going on.

Their yearlong friend, the boy who lived, and on top of that a Gryffindor hadn't just talked with Malfoy like it was nothing? And to break the last straw he even kissed the git.

This time it was Hermione who found her voice faster. Not really surprising that for Ron it was a deeper shock to digest.

"Umm Harry, care to explain what ... I mean how come you â€¦ you â€¦," she rather finished stumbling. Turning his head her friend tried for some words to explain the situation, before his boyfriend beat him to that.

"Oh gosh Granger, are you really that dumb?" Malfoy cut in, his answer definitely annoyed, "Let me rephrase it for you. Weasel here runs around school screaming vampire, and the only one not interested is Potter. Second I can enter magically locked down rooms quite easy, because of a stronger magical core. And last but not least I just called Harry my lover. Please tell me, you aren't that stupid?"

However, when both Gryffindors looked closer, the unambiguous glint of two razor-sharp fangs were clearly visible, when the sole Malfoy heir talked to them.

Startled the two lovers took an inconsiderable step back, eyeing both males wary. Scratching his head, Harry could only mutter something about immature, before he turned back to the other two students. But not necessarily before giving the blond wizard next to him a knock with his knuckles over his head, "That's also a way of tact."

"Ron, Hermione, I'm sorry for not telling you anything, but I just wasn't sure how exactly to start this," the green eyed male began. However, when he spoke again, they could see it too â€" the glittering of two long, pearl white fangs, dangerously shimmering.

Realizing it wouldn't do any good anymore to still keep it a secret the savior of the wizard world dropped his glamour.

It still took a long, awkward moment, before one of them could even react. And dumbfounded Granger muttered the only word she could remember, before she face-palmed herself, "Your diet â€¦!" Concluding the last piece of the mystery, she couldn't believe how stupid she was.

It was always there, the whole time.

Vampires didn't need living human food to survive, however they needed a steady supply of blood. Most of the time it came from their mates and was an exchange, but it was also possible to drink from different sources.

It didn't have to be fresh that way, just to make the body functional. "Harry you are ...," but her words stuck in her throat, forcing Ron to stutter only one word, "... mate?"

Sighing Harry had feared this moment. This was it, it would determine if they could still be friends, "Yes Ron, I'm a vampire. And no it wasn't by force. If anything I had to force the moron here to change me."

Gulping audible the addressed wizard tried to remain calm, and not to let his insecurity overtake him.

However, if he had learned anything from their adventures, it meant to be patient and to first gather all the information and to judge

later. Eying his girlfriend he wondered if she would be proud of his decision.

Starring back at the chosen one, Ron realized for the first time the small differences.

It wasn't something major, just the way he spoke, or the way his aura felt. And then there were his eyes. He was often told that Harry's eyes were unnatural green. Well they certainly hadn't seen him yet, without his glamour. It was almost as if they were gleaming.

And suddenly the oldest Gryffindor wasn't too sure if that might not just be the point. Trying his voice, it still was too much to take in, and only a single word would slip through his lips, "How?"

Surprised about the simple question Harry stared at his best friend, before turning worriedly to Malfoy. It wasn't the fact that he was asking for permission, however he was uncertain how to tell the youngest Weasley what really happened a month ago.

"On the night of our first day here. I was walking around and stumbled upon Draco. He was hungry, because of the new moon, and before I knew it we were alone in a locked room. And please don't make me tell you what happened in there. Just believe me when I tell you Malfoy wanted me to go in the morning â€" pretty much alive and human," and embarrassed stopping in his tale, he put his hand on his nape, massaging the muscles.

Startled the grey eyed wizard recognized the moment Harry meant. And he knew which room he was talking about, "The locked room in the west tower."

Paling his face slowly lost all his color. He was the reason Harry had gone to the tower, because he had made fun of it. But before he could indulge himself in self-reproach, Harry was at his side in a blink.

Putting his hand on his shoulders he forced the other to sit down and to rest for a moment, "Look at me, pal. It's not your fault or anything. Gosh Draco even wanted me to leave at first. I chose this on my own free will. I just want to know if my two best friends will still be with me."

Eying his friend, the ginger haired male was surprised his friend hadn't casted his glamour again.

Probably he didn't feel the usefulness of them anymore, not after the truth was out anyway. However, still frowning there was one thing he couldn't wrap his mind around.

Closely studying both vampires â€" at least that's what he assumed for Malfoy, after all the git still hadn't told him if it was true, more like not tried to discount his little conspiracy theory, he tried to understand the two lovers.

Bracing himself the youngest Weasley son knew he had to ask this question. It wasn't really his thing to gossip in the privacy of others â€" well as long as they weren't potential dark wizards, or annoy siblings you had to be as wary off.

But this here was his adopted brother, in more than one meaning. Looking straight at Harry, Ron found his voice to sound surprisingly sober, "So I take it you love â€| him?"

Okay, maybe it was a little harder than he first thought, but who could blame him. With all sincerity this was still Malfoy they were talking about.

Impressed by Weasley's surprised discipline Draco never thought he would give Weselbee that respect. And judging by the different feelings pressing through their bond, he wasn't the only one.

His mate seemed to be even more stunned, as he must have expected a firework of emotions. However, his shock was over pretty soon, instead he smiled one of his small, real smiles. Not the one he would show his other classmates, never the less the press, but a genuine one.

"Yes, I love him. He makes me happy!"

Holding up a hand to stop his friend, before he would continue, the prefect silenced the golden boy almost immediately. Cringing slightly Draco could see how Potter's body tensed. He had stepped away from the red haired wizard after he seemed to have recollected his composure.

Shaking his head, he had to think about his next words, considering if this whole mess was really worth it, "Stop it, Harry."

Although the other Gryffindors wouldn't realise it, Draco saw and felt how the bronze skinned wizard slightly tensed.

"Finally!" frowning the ginger haired wizard was actually surprised about how everything had turned out, "Well don't get me wrong. What you did Malfoy was pretty fucked up. But seriously, it's not like any of us didn't see that coming."

He waved with his hand at the couple in front of him, as if to underline his meaning. "However, you sure know how to turn things up, don't you mate?" this time the question was for Harry, who still tried to get over his initial shock.

"But, seriously now? Does that mean you are faster at Quidditch?" asking almost hopefully, no one in the tensed room had expected that kind of question.

Shaking his head, the green eyed vampire could only laugh about his comment, "No Ron. I'm going to use a broom just like everyone else. On top of that you shouldn't forget that Draco has the same magic as me."

Frowning the only answer was a muttering sounding remarkable like _bummer_.

"Well, if that really is what you want, it's okay with me. Although I really don't get how you can fall for the ferret. I mean sure enough I shouldn't be too disappointed you won't go back to Ginny â€" especially if I take this into account, but seriously, he makes you happy?"

And facing Malfoy for the first time Ron used the moment to add a little warning for the Slytherin prince, "And I don't care if you are a vampire, and that your magic is probably stronger than mine. If you hurt Harry, you won't get away with it!"

Taking the threat nonchalant, and almost not regarding it worthy an answer, the platinum haired wizard certainly knew what it really meant. It was a warning, a promise and his way of saying he was okay with the situation.

He hadn't missed the sudden smell of bitterness in the air "the scent of fear, when he had addressed him as a vampire, but he would leave the Weasel at least that much pride; at least this time.

Turning from Ron to Hermione, Harry looked sheepishly at the surprisingly quiet witch.

She had given him and her boyfriend the moment they needed to sort out their differences. Now it was her judgment that could tilt the scale. "I'm sorry about breakfast. I didn't mean to offend you. Maybe just mock you a little, but sincerely nothing gravely."

Remembering something odd about vampires, it was their habit of counting things. And another thing mentioned in one of many books in the library, was a strange, if not mean fascination about teasing their friends or family.

But it meant that Harry would still consider them important, otherwise his instincts would have reacted different. "Oh so that's what it's called today," the brown eyed girl smiled at him, and still with her teasing voice she added, "I might have to look it up sometimes."

But suddenly she became serious, however the spark in her eyes didn't change, "Harry, I told you before, and I will gladly tell you again. You are our friend " and it doesn't matter what choice you make. And if that is what makes you happy, then I can only wish you all the best."

And somehow she thought about adding something upon the lines of _even if it was Malfoy_, but she figured she would leave the bickering to Ron.

Growing eager the blond Slytherin had watched the golden trio with surprise. He didn't know what must have happened during their adventures, but it certainly wasn't something simple.

No friendship could have been built on meek acquaintance. Friends like those, who would accept someone for who they are, weren't born through a moment, but through a lifetime.

It had even managed to let them oversee certain circumstances that others would have made insecure.

"Enough chit-chat, Granger, Weasley," the blond interrupted their perfect moment. But he was eager to taste his mate again, preferable before the lessons started.

Pulling Potter closer to him, he prepared for them to disappear, before he looked back at them, "Oh, and Weasley, I would appreciate it, if you wouldn't run around telling everyone about us. It will be troublesome enough, when they realize that their golden boy might not be as innocent as they believed."

And with those words he apparated them back, lucky that it was decided to allow Apparition within Hogwarts, as long as the castle's magic recognized you were no threat. As if he had any other ideas, when he teleported them to the room they had spent their first night together.

Instead he pushed Potter onto the bed in a heartbeat, pulling his mate into a searing kiss.

****The end****

* * *

><p>Harry: Oh that's something knew
curios

****Draco****: Not really. Vampires, slash and we as the main characters
unimpressed

****Harry****: It's quite long *going over the script*

****Draco****: Again, not really. A lot of fuss about nothing *reads it too*

Well. At least the fun didn't get to short *smirks*

****Harry****: *blushes*

****ChandraMe****: Oh stop it you two. Finally, that project is over. So I hope you kinda liked my experiment, and I'm already working on something new (and my old project =) *bows and leaves*

* * *

><p>Author notes 2:

Well that was the end of it â€" and again thx for staying.

It has been a long way to finally finish this story, and an even longer way for me to start writing again, but I hope my comeback wasn't too devastated.

Oh and if anyone should wonder.

Yes, I know, Harry and Draco playing Quidditch might be a little unfair against the others with their enchanted senses, but I just had to put that slap stick in there â€" no matter how sloppy it sounded.

I also know that the ending might sound strange â€" okay it really does, but I just wanted to for once see how it is after the typical "the end". And how would his friends react, could I pull it through even with only a one shot.

So yeah, decide for yourself if you liked that ending.

I once used some Latin words, as well as some spells.

I'm also aware of the fact that you all know the spells I used, however I still write them down just in case â€" hopefully I didn't forget one or misspelled them ^^

****Dulced****: means very sweet in Latin, almost sickening

****Ficus****: like the English word means Ficus in Latin

****Dulced**** ****Ficus****: can be translated as "forbidden fruit"

****Lumos****: lights the tip of the caster's wand

****Expelliarmus:** ****disarms another wizard**

****Mobilicorpus:**** levitates a body a few inches

****Incarcerous:**** ties someone up

****Colloportus:**** locks doors

****Alohomora:**** counter spell to _Colloportus_, unlocks doors

****Imperius**** ****curse**** (only mentioned): one of the three Unforgivables, takes control of the victim

End
file.